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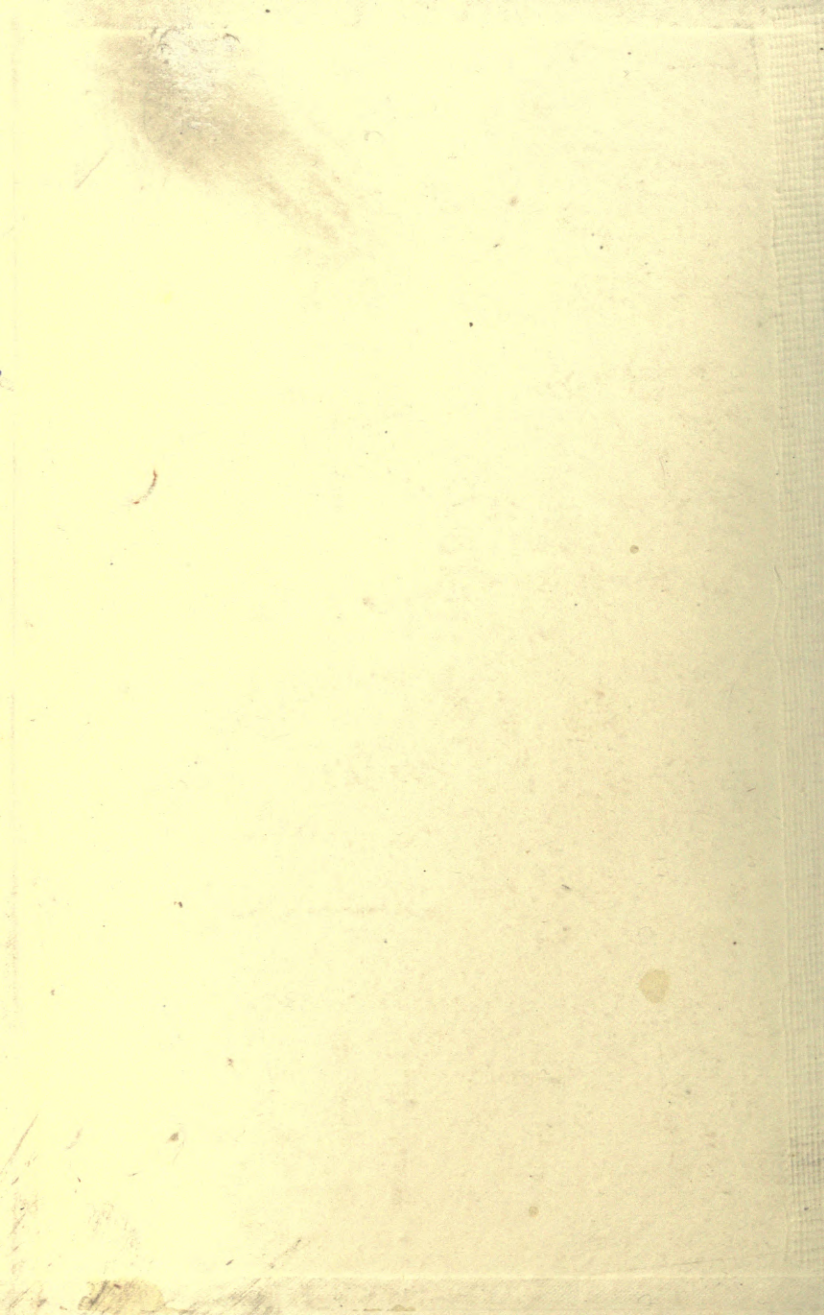


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

INDIAN MEMORIES

By COL. "C———,"

Late of the Honourable East India Company's Service.



To

Comr A. H

from her

Comr

(the author)

J. C.

INDIAN MEMORIES.

By COL. "C———,"

Late of the Honourable East India Company's Service.



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Annex

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1894

INDIAN MEMORIAL

1894

At the first glance I found no real cause of complaint, but on closer inspection I found that the Indian people were suffering from a general feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction with the government. This feeling was based on many causes, but the most important ones were the following: 1. The Indian people were not allowed to participate in the government. 2. The Indian people were not allowed to own land. 3. The Indian people were not allowed to engage in commerce. 4. The Indian people were not allowed to practice their religion. 5. The Indian people were not allowed to speak their own language. 6. The Indian people were not allowed to wear their own clothing. 7. The Indian people were not allowed to live in their own homes. 8. The Indian people were not allowed to work in their own fields. 9. The Indian people were not allowed to trade with their own people. 10. The Indian people were not allowed to marry their own people. 11. 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INDIAN MEMORIES.

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PART I.

AT the age of nineteen I found myself about to embark on board an "East Indiaman" (a very large sailing vessel) bound for Bombay, in the East Indies, where I was to commence my military career in the service of our late kind and generous masters, the old Honourable East India Company.

I had not at that time received any military education whatever, and was an only son, my dear father being then still alive, but my dear mother had been taken from us all by death when I was about two-and-a-half years' old. My father had been a wealthy and prosperous London merchant, and previous to the bestowal of this appointment on me by an uncle (who was also my God-father), it had been proposed that I should follow my father's business; but *misfortune* overtook him—as it will all of us sometimes, whether we deserve it or not—and my father was therefore happy to think I was as well (if not better) provided for when I accepted what was then called "an Indian cadetship."

The vessel was to start from Gravesend, whither my father accompanied me, after my heartrending parting with my two sisters, our old housekeeper and our servants, with the dear old home where I was born, with the dear old garden (every tree and plant in which I knew), and with

last, but not least, our old Tom cat! who had for many years been the first to welcome me home from school for the holidays.

While at school near Greenwich I had made the acquaintance of a young lady of humble circumstances, who lived with her mother in a small cottage in Gravesend; she was, I believe, my "first love"—if the aspirations of a youth of eighteen to *all* of the other sex who are nice-looking, and, of course, much older than himself, can be called "love making."

To her dwelling among the boatmen I escorted my astonished but amused parent; but the young lady's mother, and she herself, gave us such a kind and friendly welcome, that after some hesitation my father was persuaded to remain with me to take tea there, and to spend there our last evening together on earth—for I never saw my beloved father after parting with him on board the East Indiaman.

Many months after I had arrived in India I received a tender missive from the young lady addressed to "Ensign C——, up the country," but the new life in the "far East" soon made me forget the *innocent* pleasures of my boyhood in England, and though I believe I replied to the letter, I have never met my Gravesend acquaintance since.

The vessel in which I made the voyage was a large one, commanded by an experienced captain, who had been more than once to the East Indies. Besides the crew of gallant British tars, there was a Scotch surgeon and a Scotch mate, and about a dozen first-class passengers, including myself.

Having taken my dear old father down into my cabin below deck, which said cabin I thought on first inspection a horrid place, it seemed so small and dark, I bade him

adieu, little thinking I should never see his kind face on earth again. I tried (boy like) to keep down my tears in the presence of so many strangers, and I think I bit my lips and held my hand to my throat or mouth as I waved with my pocket handkerchief my last farewell to him from the stern of the ship. He, I well remember, stood up, hat in hand, in the boat which was fast conveying him from me to the land, and with *his* pocket handkerchief waved to me his last kind "farewell."

The passengers consisted of a married officer, his wife (a "creole" or West Indian), their nurse and baby, they were all going to Ceylon; a pretty young lady of *Italian* complexion, who was returning to her father in India, from an English school (she had what in the "far East" is called a "touch of the *tar brush*!" that is, she had on one side of her parentage native blood in her veins); several officers of her Majesty's and of the Honourable East India Company's services returning to their respective regiments from leave, and myself.

It took me some time to know my own cabin, and on going down one night to turn in to my "berth," I took up a tumbler in which to pour some water to drink, suddenly a voice from the berth in the cabin exclaimed, "take care of my eye!" and on asking for an explanation, I found I was in the Scotch surgeon's cabin, which was the next one to mine, and that he had before going to sleep placed a *glass eye* (which he wore in the day-time) on to a bit of sponge at the bottom of the tumbler. My feelings can be better imagined than described. After mutual explanations and apologies, I retired to bed, not feeling quite so well as usual; I had been very sea-sick the first few days, and the nearness of the "glass eye" to my stomach did not improve the state of the latter. However, I was soon asleep in my own berth, dreaming

of "home." The vessel being an old one, was full of vermin. It swarmed with rats, cockroaches, and small disgusting insects (unmentionable to ears polite). The cockroaches, or rats, used to bite my toe-nails and the roots of my hair, but I soon learnt that by placing tumblers and cans half-full of *strong* soapy water overnight in any safe resting-place in the cabin, they were sure to be full of the drowned corpses of my enemies, the cockroaches in the morning.

The nurse in the service of the officer and his wife, going to Ceylon, was a strong-minded female considerably over forty, and by no means a "beauty," but a good, worthy woman; she had been, I believe, a "dressmaker" by trade before coming on board, and she was making the journey to Ceylon in search of her absent and faithless lover, who was, she thought, in some part of India, but where exactly she was not quite sure! Strange, but *true*, however, before we left the *Downs* one of the Quartermasters, and some of the crew, each proposed to take her on shore and to marry her; but she declined all such offers. She was extremely good-natured, and before we reached Ceylon I was thankful to her for many a clean pocket handkerchief, which she washed for me, and for many a button which otherwise would have been missing from some part or other of my garments.

I began by keeping a diary—to send to the dear ones at home—of all our doings on board, but I soon failed, either from want of inclination or time, or lack of sufficiently interesting incidents to continue it. Much of our time was passed in consuming the good meals provided by our kind-hearted commander, in bathing, in walking about the decks, in smoking, fishing, and in various games, such as chess, draughts, cards, boxing, fencing reading, and, in my case, in *vainly* endeavouring to learn

from the sailors the names of the numerous sails, ropes, etcetera, and in the art of tying and untying various knots with rope and string. Then there were so many novel and interesting objects to be seen from the deck of the ship, such as the flying fishes, dolphins, whales, sharks, porpoises, sea snakes, enormous birds called albatrosses, seaweeds, fishes of all sorts, floating wrecks, floating bottles, and passing vessels of all descriptions, besides the phosphoric light in the sea. A dolphin is celebrated for its surprising change of colour when expiring. The scales seem to receive all the colours of the rainbow. While alive in the sea it looks like bright silver. Sharks were captured and hauled on deck by means of a large piece of pork firmly tied to a hook at the end of a strong fishing line. Other fish were caught with hooks on which bits of red cloth were fastened; others by various baits known only to sailors.

One day passed much as another, varied occasionally by *storms*, both at sea and on board, in the latter case between members of the crew and passengers during the nautical ceremonies performed while crossing the line, and at other times. I remember we once passed a "whaler," and stopped to witness the capture of one of those monsters of the deep (a whale).

On another occasion we saw afar off a ship-on-fire—an awful sight.

Our humane commander stopped the ship to render what assistance he could, but the burning vessel had long ago been deserted, and no sight of passengers or crew could be seen.

On one eventful day, the nurse having been suddenly called to her mistress, asked me to hold the baby for her till her return. I was in the saloon-cabin, and being quite unaccustomed to babies, I was much perplexed

what to do with it ; but, anxious to please, I took it in my arms, and tossed it about—unfortunately, rather too violently ; for its poor little head came in contact with a *small* metal hook in the ceiling of the saloon-cabin in which we were. Hearing its cry, the nurse rushed back and carried it off, leaving me sadly unconscious as to its fate. Soon, however, the good-natured female returned, and relieved my worst apprehensions by informing me she had filled up a *large* cavity on the top of its “cranium with a lump of best white beeswax,” and that its (the baby’s) parents knew nothing about the accident. As baby looked all right, I had to remain satisfied with her ingenious explanation and marvellous cure.

Before she came on board, the nurse, so she informed us, had consulted an astrologer as to the chance of her arriving safely at her destination, and he told her, she said, that we should have a storm before the voyage was over. Some of the crew looked upon her as a witch, and resented her presence on board the good ship when the storm really did overtake us. I never saw such a scene before or since. Our main-mast was struck by lightning, and the ship’s carpenter and crew had to cut it away, and to rig up what is called, I believe, jury-masts. One night, during the storm, I could not remain below, I was in such terror, and I was lashed to some part of the deck—which part I forget—with ropes to prevent the waves from washing me overboard ; but, thank God, we weathered the storm, and arrived at last safely at Ceylon, where we landed the officer, his wife, the baby, and the kind-hearted nurse.

Before we reached that lovely island, however, the officer who was going there and one of the officers of Her Majesty’s service returning to his regiment in India “fell out,” and the quarrel was so severe that

one called the other out to fight a duel, and as I was the only person on board possessing a brace of duelling pistols, these were borrowed from me on our reaching Ceylon. The wife of the married officer made very light of the affair, I remember, and said if they wanted to fight she would make the coffee for them to take before they commenced ! There was, I think, a court of inquiry held at Ceylon to investigate the affair, but the result I do not now remember.

Ceylon is a lovely island, abounding in palm and coconut trees, cinnamon groves, plantains (or bananas) and other fruits. Coffee is also extensively cultivated there. The climate is very moist, the colour of the soil very red, and many of the native inhabitants suffer from a dreadful disease called "elephantiasis" (a swelling of the legs and feet).

After a stay of three days at Colombo, we bade our late fellow-passengers adieu, left them behind, and resumed our voyage, touching at Cochin, a Madras station, before we reached the island of Bombay with its magnificent and picturesque harbour. One day some of the crew while bathing inside a sail which had been lowered into the sea from the deck of the vessel were nearly seized by a gigantic shark, and scrambled upon deck in much afright. Luckily all were saved. We caught several sharks, and I tasted the cooked flesh of a young one, which the sailors assured me was exactly like a juicy, tender beef-steak, but I failed to recognise the resemblance.

The catching of albatrosses was very exciting. The sailors taught me how to do so, by means of little bits of pork, or some other meat, put on to a hook at the end of a strong and long fishing-line. Once captured and hauled on deck, and killed, the men made various useful articles out of the different portions of the unfortu-

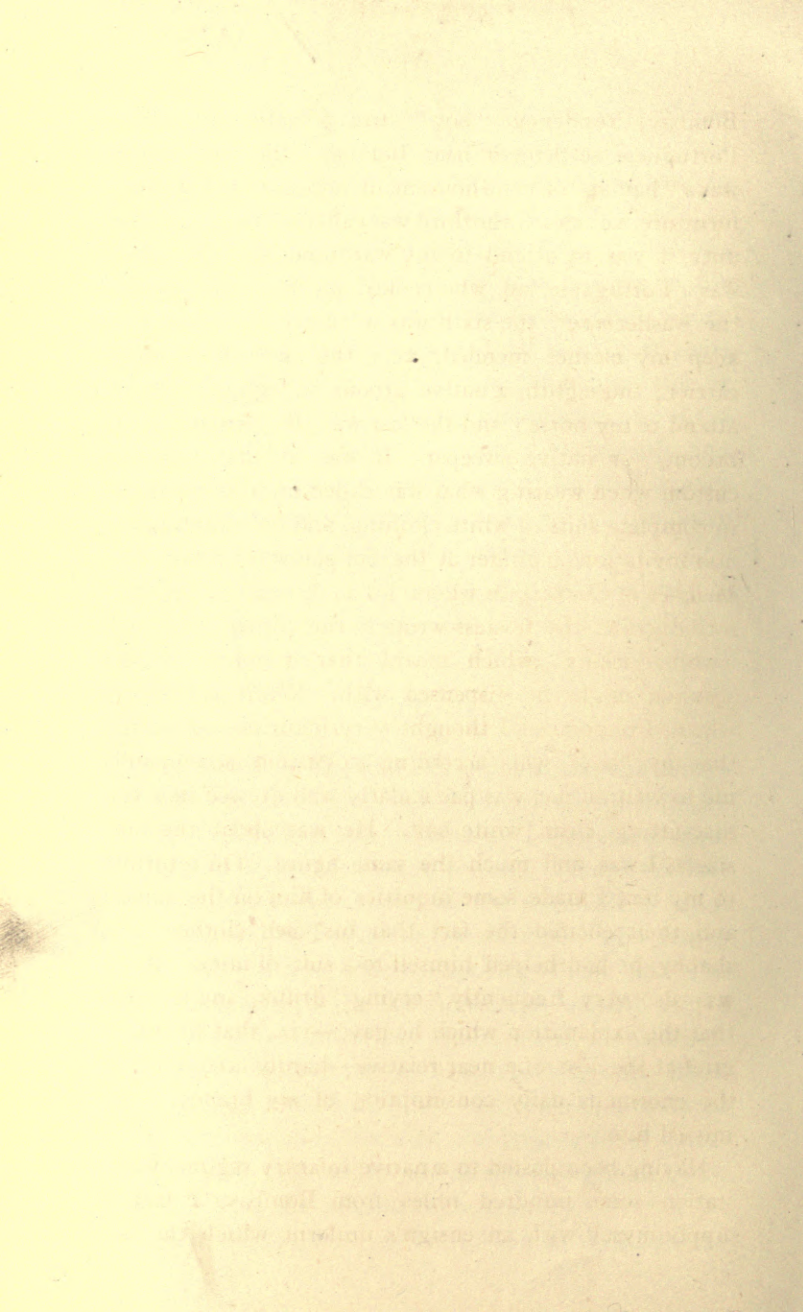
nate birds, such as tobacco-pouches, pipes, &c. When the wings were spread out, I am quite afraid to say how many feet the birds measured from the tip of one wing to the tip of another, but I know it was several feet.

At Ceylon, and again at Cochin, we were glad to get our soiled clothes washed, and to lay in a stock of the refreshing and delicious fruits to be had at both places. I remember being much amused at the landing of some furniture which we had brought out for a merchant at Cochin, an enormous grand-piano constituting one of the articles landed. After a long voyage of five months and a half, varied by many incidents, all of which I cannot now recall, we reached Bombay at last, and bid our brave and kind commander and crew farewell.

PART II.

SEVERAL friends in England had supplied me with letters of introduction to various high dignitaries, both military and civil, in Bombay, and on landing I forwarded these or called and delivered them in person. I found the first thing to do was to hire a tent on the esplanade or green from a Parsee, or Persian fire-worshipper, who rented them to officers and others requiring them, and who furnished them with the few necessities wanted, viz., a small camp-table, one or two chairs, a bed, a washhand-stand, a lamp, and, last but not least, a bathing-tub. Then another native, a Hindoo, called the General, introduced himself, and supplied me with the large staff of native servants—with their wives and families—required by all Europeans from the customs of the country.

My first head-servant, or butler—or, as styled in the



Bombay Presidency, "boy"—was a native of Goa, a Portuguese settlement near Bombay; the next servant was a "hamál," or male housemaid, necessary to keep one's furniture, &c., clean; the third was called a "mussal," whose duty it was to attend to my wardrobe, &c.; the fourth was a Portuguese lad, who cooked for me; the fifth was the washerman; the sixth was a "derzee," or tailor, to keep my clothes mended, &c.; the seventh, a water-carrier; the eighth, a native groom, or "ghorawalla," to attend to my horse; and the last was the "knight of the broom," or native sweeper. It was at that time the custom when wearing what was called undress to appear in complete suits of white clothing, and on accepting the first invitation to dinner at the bungalow, or house, of a Member of Council, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, the hostess wrote in the corner of her note "white jackets," which meant that uniforms on that occasion might be dispensed with. While at dinner—which, I remember, I thought very luxurious—I noticed that my "boy," who, according to custom, accompanied me to wait on me, was particularly well dressed in a very nice-fitting, clean, white suit. He was about the same size as I was, and much the same figure. On returning to my tent I made some inquiries of him on the subject, and then elicited the fact that his own clothes being shabby, he had helped himself to a suit of mine. As he was also very frequently "crying" drunk, and I found that the explanation which he gave—viz., that he was in grief at the loss of a near relative—hardly accounted for the enormous daily consumption of *my* brandy, I dismissed him.

Having been posted to a native infantry regiment at a station some hundred miles from Bombay, I had to supply myself with an ensign's uniform, which the best

native tailor in the island soon finished for me. The adjutant of the regiment happening to be on leave at the time in Bombay, I soon made his acquaintance, and found him a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow; very pale, and somewhat yellow-tinted by his long residence in a hot climate. He told me I must engage a "palkee" and about twelve native bearers to carry me by easy stages of about twelve miles a day, and these having been secured, I started with him to join the regiment.

The adjutant having his charger—that is, his parade horse—with him, rode by my side, and occasionally left me to ride on ahead to the "dâk bungalows," or roadside halting-places, provided by the Government for the use of travellers, both European and native.

At these places the first thing to enquire for is food, and the native inn-keeper in charge invariably goes in search of the first poor fowl, and having put a teaspoon-full of vinegar down its unfortunate throat to make the bird tender, he cuts its throat, and with the addition of some rice, he proceeds to make a dish of it, called curry and rice.

One day on this march up to join the regiment I had been smoking in my palkee, and suddenly the native bearers screamed out in their own language (at that time not understood by me) that the palkee had caught fire. The smoke soon showed me what was the matter, and I was obliged to alight from my palkee and get a "mount" on the top of a native "gharee," or cart, drawn by bullocks, which was being driven by the native driver along the same road. When I came up with my friend, the adjutant, he laughed heartily at my misadventure.

At last, without further mishap, we reached our headquarters, and the major commanding the regiment kindly invited me to put up with him until I could get possession

of quarters of my own in one of the bungalows in the station ; this, after a short time, I succeeded in doing, and the hospitable, kind-hearted, but on occasions extremely "peppery," commanding officer, ever afterwards accused me of ingratitude because I did not always avail myself of his very generous invitations to "tiff," or lunch, with him daily. In India luncheon is called "tiffin." Then came the "grind" of daily drill, which was taught me by the native adjutant, to whom, I remember, I made a small present of some horridly stiff stocks which my London outfitter had supplied me with, but which I found were not worn by European officers in my regiment. The fat old "subadar" native commissioned officer, however, accepted them gratefully, and I believe, wore them round his copper-coloured throat, much to the admiration of his brethren.

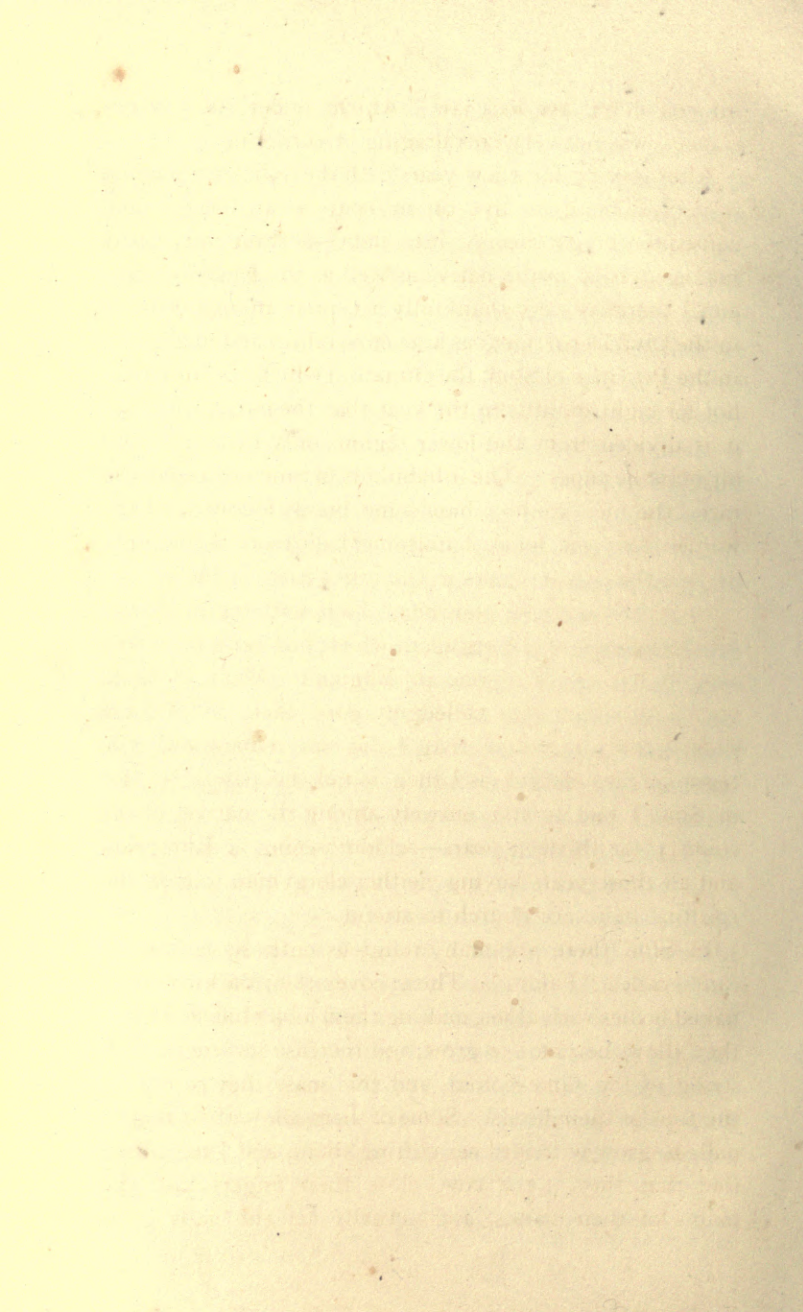
After I had passed my drill I was placed in the Grenadier Company (No. 1 Company), and exceedingly proud I was at being allowed to be in that company, as, of course, it was the leading company of the regiment. India is a lovely country, containing the most magnificent scenery, both natural and artificial. The mountains, trees, foliage, &c., are all superb. Many of the native buildings are perfectly exquisite both in design and execution. The Hindoo temples and the Mahometan mosques vie with each other in magnificence. Many natives of India have not, I believe, even yet heard of the Saviour, who died for them as well as for us. Still they, as a rule, lead much purer lives than many Christians in this country. The Mahometans fast rigidly for forty days once every year, and they pray unceasingly to their heavenly Father, the Almighty (their heavenly Father as well as the Father of our Lord and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ). The Mahometan "koran" is very similar to our Bible.

but the Mahometans say that their prophet, Mahomet, came after Christ, and that he is the "Comforter" promised by our Saviour. The Mahometans' idea of heaven is extremely sensual: they believe that Paradise will be a place of increased earthly enjoyment. The Hindoos are pure *Unitarians*: they believe in the one God and heavenly Father *only*; they trust in and to Him *only*; and often, when I conversed with them on the differences of our faiths, they replied, "You English are so divided amongst yourselves; you are split up into so many varied and different sects, that we know not which of your varied teachings to believe. If we came to England and tried to convert you, and to make you English Mahometans or Hindoos, would you be converted to our faith? Then how can you expect to persuade us to believe in your religion as the only true one?"*

A few months after I had joined my regiment I was induced to try my hand at shooting. Game of all sorts abounds in India, from quails to tigers and lions, &c. Not being able then to afford to buy a gun, I borrowed one, a muzzle-loader, of a brother officer, and unfortunately for me, the locks were out of order; and never having been anything of a sportsman in England, I was incautious, and having fired at a hare and missed it, I, without reflecting what I was doing, began reloading the discharged barrel, and just as I had rammed down the charge the other loaded barrel went off, and the whole charge of shot went like a ball through the third joint of my first finger, splintering the bone, and causing me such intense agony that I nearly fainted. The regimental surgeon, who dropped his h's dreadfully, said when dressing my wound, "'Ow did you do it? Hit's a wonder

* Our Lord says,

"Others there are not of this 'Fold';" *now* those also I (Jesus Christ) will hereafter bring with ME, and there shall thus be only one Fold and one Shepherd."



hif you don't 'ave lock-jaw !" which, under the circumstances, was not very encouraging or consoling.

After serving for a few years with the regiment, I found it very difficult to live on my pay as an ensign, and consequently got deeply into debt—a thing very easily managed, both in the native as well as the English army, and I therefore very thankfully accepted an appointment in the Civil Department as a revenue officer and magistrate in the Province of Sind, the climate of which is so intensely hot for eight months in the year that the natives of it say it is divided from the lower regions only by a very thin bit of tissue paper. The inhabitants of Sind are a splendid race: the men are fine, handsome, manly fellows, and the women also are much handsomer and more becomingly dressed than their sisters in the other parts of India.

On receiving this appointment, I left, with regret, all my brother officers of the regiment which had been my home since I left the dear one in England. Many of them envied me what they called my good luck, but I have since bitterly regretted that I did not remain with the regiment, insufficient as I then found the pay to be; for in Sind I had to live entirely among the natives of the country for thirteen years—seldom seeing a European, and all those years having neither clergyman to give me spiritual help, nor church to attend.

In Sind there are many religious enthusiasts (mendicants) called "Fakirs." These cover their dark-coloured naked bodies with ashes, making them look blueish white; they allow their hair to grow, and increase its length with string of the same colour, and this mass they coil on to the tops of their heads. Some of them allow their fingernails to grow without ever cutting them, and I have been told that they, for a vow, close their fingers into the palms of their hands, and actually let the nails grow

through the flesh ! Others hold up one or both arms, and, it is said, never put them down.

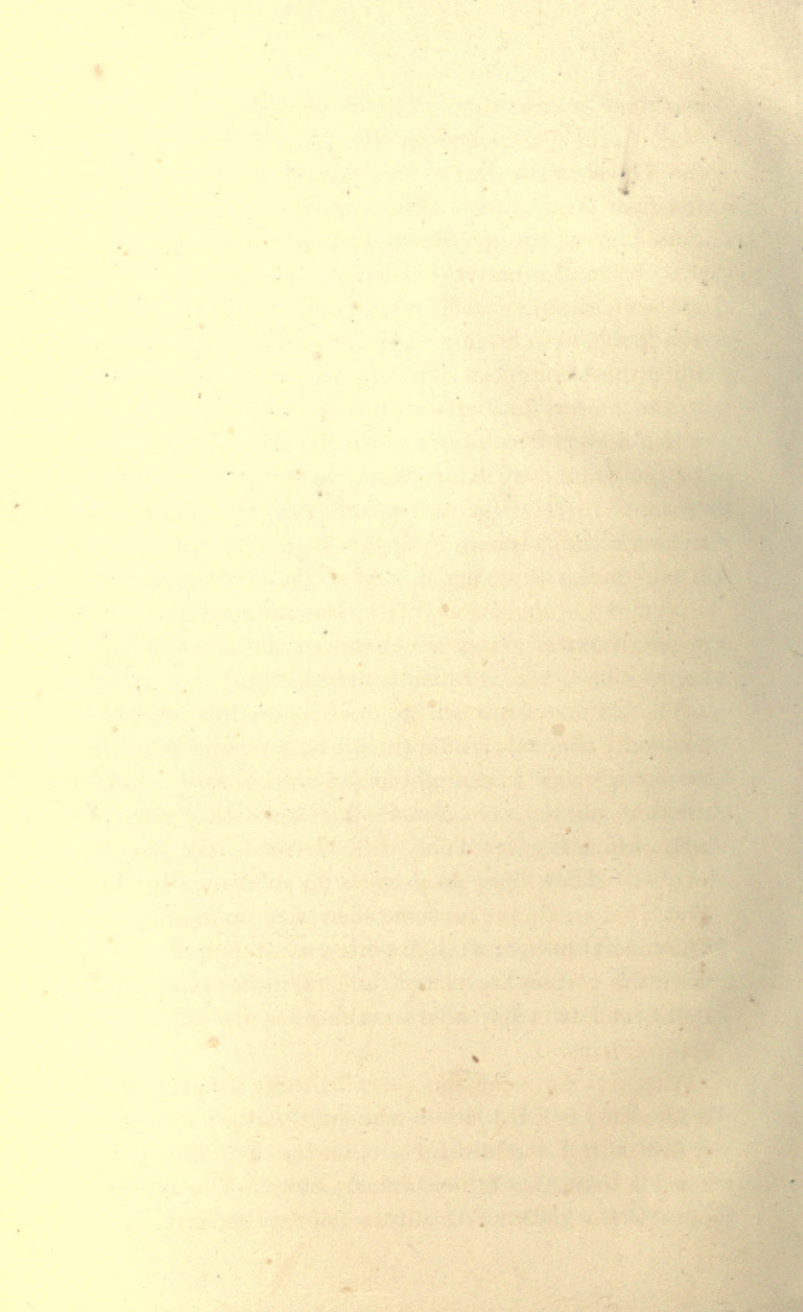
Travelling in Sind is rather dangerous sometimes on account of the numerous wild animals which one comes across ; such as tigers, leopards, panthers, &c. Camel riding is a most easy and luxurious mode of travel. A good riding camel costs from twenty pounds upwards, if I remember right. The native driver sits in front of the camel's hump, and the European rider sits behind him ; and he can easily sit and read a book while the camel shuffles along the road. The camel is generally considered very patient, but while being laden he groans and kicks and bites, and from his mouth issues out a large, long bladder. When once up, he goes along quietly enough until frightened, when he will gallop, much to the discomfort of his European rider.

When I left the regiment—a native infantry one—the European officers numbered some five-and-twenty or more, and the nightly dinners at the mess were like a large friendly family party. Many officers smoked “hookahs,” a pipe with a long, snake-like tube. The “gooraccoa,” or tobacco, smoked in the hookah is a mixture of tobacco, opium, and fruits, &c. It is lit by lighted balls made from rice, and the glass vessel through which the smoke passes is filled with rose-water.

The native servants show their respect to their European masters by standing with their arms folded. When they beckon to each other they turn the right hand downwards, thus :

Not as we do, thus :

After I had left my appointment in the Civil Department and returned to my regiment, I found that the number of European officers had been reduced to seven, thus breaking up what used to be formerly a home. This



was done at the time of the amalgamation, when Her Majesty the Queen became Empress of Hindustan, and her Government made the native infantry regiments irregular regiments. This system has, I understand, caused great inconvenience and perplexity in time of war, when the natives—who fight like lions when they are well led by their European officers—find themselves at a loss how to bring a regiment creditably out of action when these European officers are all shot down.

The flowers in India are lovely. There is a creeper which flowers after sunset called the moon-creeper: it is a large white convolvulus, with pale-green stripes in the centre; it is as large as a tea-saucer, and it bursts open suddenly, and remains in flower all night until the sun rises; then it closes again. After the sun sets in India it is almost immediately dark, but the moonlight is so bright it compensates somewhat for the absence of sunlight. One can read by moonlight easily.

The Mahometan mode of burial is very like that of our own, only they always dig the grave first, and then they cut out a recess, or resting-place, for the corpse in one of the sides of the grave, and in this recess they place the body, which is covered only with a shroud—not placed in a coffin. They never drop, as we do, earth on the dead. The Hindoos always consume their dead by means of fire. The funeral piles of wood are first soaked with oil, and on these the corpses are placed, and then the stakes are set alight, and in a few hours nothing but the ashes of the dead remains.

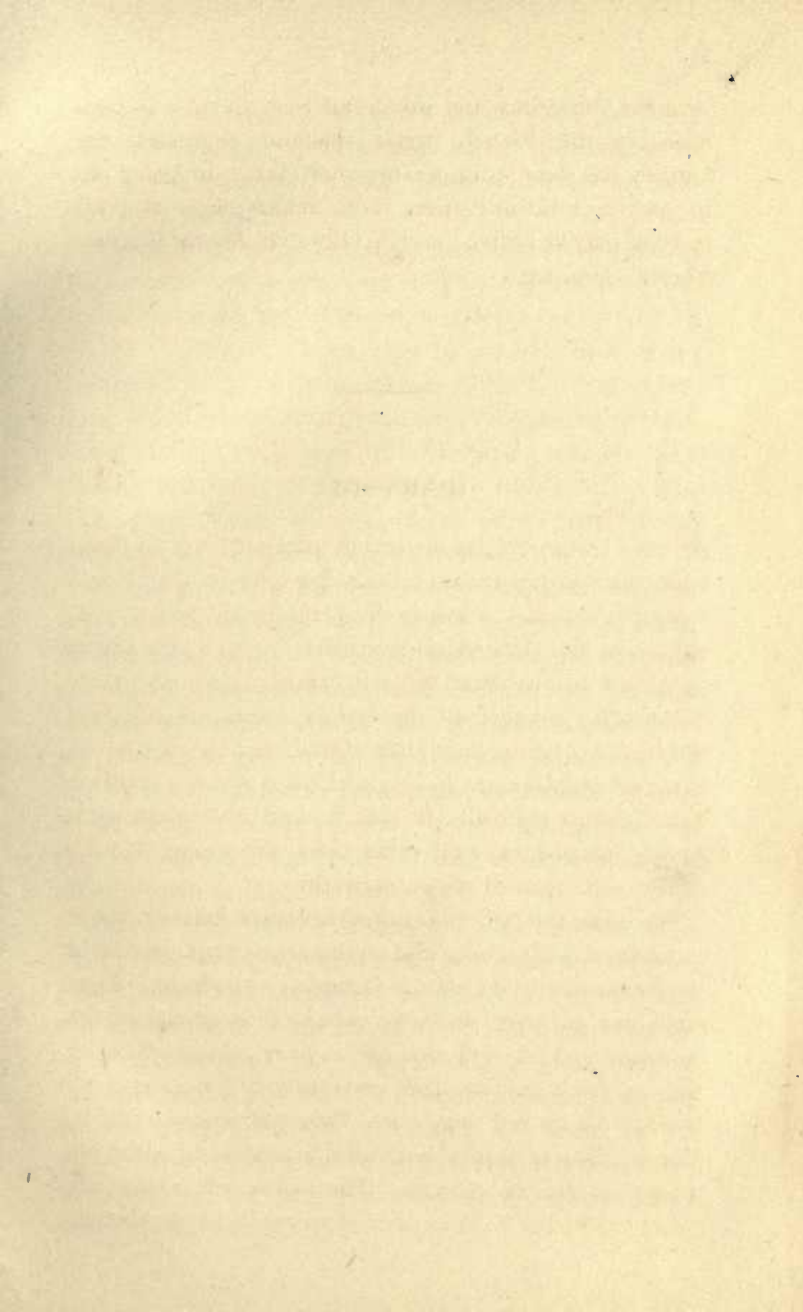
After serving some ten years in India, I heard of the death of my beloved father, and shortly afterwards, being in ill-health, I obtained leave of absence to return home to pay a short visit to my orphan sisters. The overland journey (so called) is really a journey principally by

steamers, but since the wonderful Suez Canal has been made by the French (those splendid engineers) the journey has been considerably shortened. In going out to, and in returning from, India, many places of great interest may be visited ; such as Gibraltar, Malta, Brindisi, Venice, Suez, &c.

PART III.

AFTER a comparatively short, but pleasant stay in England, the dreadful Indian mutiny broke out in the Bengal Presidency, but as I was in civil employ in the province of Scinde, and at home on sick leave, I was not required to return to the East till the expiration of my leave. The mutiny changed all my former feelings with regard to India as a home, but I had neither means nor interest to obtain employment in England, so I was compelled—much against my will—to return ; and my eldest sister having married, my only other sister, the youngest of the family, accompanied me on my return.

We made the (as it was called) overland journey, but it commences with a long and trying sea voyage, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. After my sister got over the sea-sickness consequent on the incessant tremulous motion of the vessel, the smell of oil, &c., we both enjoyed the visits to the few places we touched at on our way out. One was Steamer Point, Aden. This is a very hot, wild, arid-looking place, not unlike an extinct volcano. The native inhabitants are called "Somalis." They seemed to me to be almost am-



phibious, preferring to live in the water. The men and boys cover the hair of their heads with a preparation of lime called "chunam," which changes the colour from dark to almost white.

It used to be their custom to swim up to the sides of the steamers and to dive very deep in the waters of the sea for any small bits of bright silver thrown overboard by the passengers. They used to cry out in English, "Have a dive, have a dive, have a dive!" After swimming round and about the steamer all day, many of them would at night swim back to land, having sold all their "coral," and many of the passengers who purchased it. The other places we stopped at were Suez, Malta, Gibraltar, &c., all places of great interest.

On our arrival in Bombay, at the bungalow house of some friends, my sister was indebted to our kind hostess for forgetting to supply her bed with mosquito curtains, and she in consequence suffered dreadfully from the bites of those tormenting insects ; and afterwards, when from my anxiety to protect her from further annoyance, she was by me persuaded to leave open the Venetian blinds, which formed the sole windows of her chamber, she got, in consequence, a bad stroke of land wind, which very often prevails at night in Bombay.

After a short rest in Bombay, I was attached to a native infantry regiment at Poona, one of our best stations, From there I was transferred to Mhow, in central India and afterwards to Neemuch, to all of which stations my sister accompanied me, experiencing a great deal of Indian "roughing it," travelling from one place to another, but her untiring energy and strong will, added to her daily increased liking for India, not only reconciled her to everything, but gave her many sincere and attached and sympathising friends.

After spending five years together in India, I was again transferred to my own regiment at Mehidpore, a station so small and so remote, and with so few bungalows, that my sister had to return to England, leaving me once more with my regiment as my only home. But what a change from that time that I had first joined it as a young man. Now, nearly all the European officers had been removed from it in consequence of the amalgamation of the "Queen's" and "Companies'" services, and there were only five or six European officers to do all the duty in the regiment, and to sit down nightly (as many as were present and were not ill) at mess.

The trees in India, especially the fruits, are very lovely. The mango, in shape something like a large lemon, but containing a very large stone or kernel, is very luscious, and the best ones, called raspberry, remind some people of Neapolitan Ices, they taste so like a mixture of many delicate fruits.

The Banian, or wild fig tree, is a splendid specimen. From its extended branches hang large tendrils, which reach the ground, these take root and grow up into other trees, &c.

In the plains (where it was chiefly my lot to be) the flowers are very gaudy. Bright crimson, duller red, and bright yellows predominating. The heat in the plains is excessive, causing many Europeans to suffer from liver complaint.

The creepers are really gigantic. The elephant creeper leaf is as big as an ordinary sized pumpkin, but the flower is rather small.

The *Gloriosa superba*, a kind of tiger lily, grows in profusion over the tops of the hedges, and the orchids pendant from the branches of the trees are varied and splendid, hanging like large bunches of laburnum from them.

The different tribes, castes, and religions in India are as numerous as the many different sects and creeds in our own country.

One great peculiarity of Indian life is that the natives never change their dress, and they invariably follow the profession, business, trade, or occupations of their ancestors. For instance, if a son's father has been a coppersmith, he is sure to be one also, and so on. They used often to say to the writer, "We hardly recognise your English now. When you first came to India you used to wear knee-breeches and powdered wigs with pig-tails."

The native servants are extremely faithful. The Ayahs or nurses are of different castes. Some are Hindoos, some Portuguese. The latter, in the opinion of the writer, are by far the best. English children get so attached to native servants that it takes them a very long time to get reconciled to their English servants in England.

It is a great pity that when a young officer is in India, his senior officers do not give him good advice, and set him a good example as regards temperance and the proper treatment of the natives, especially if, as in the writer's case, he is an orphan. The temptations that beset all in India are fearful. There are many bad dispositioned natives in India with whom young men, from their being constantly thrown amongst them, become familiar. Familiarity is worse than contempt in such a case.

It used to be the custom for a young Ensign of a Native Infantry Regiment to ape his seniors in everything. If they were intemperate he learned extravagance from them. If they were drunkards, he soon acquired and followed the same habit. Drinking brandy and soda-

water is in India called taking a peg, and every time any one takes a peg, he is jocularly reminded that it is another nail in his coffin.

Still the enervating effects of the climate are such that nature seems to call for constant stimulants of some sort, but it would be better for all Europeans if they imitated the natives of India in the matter of drinking as in many other things. "Temperate in all things" was certainly the motto of most of the natives with whom I was acquainted, and a more religious set of people, as a rule, I never met.

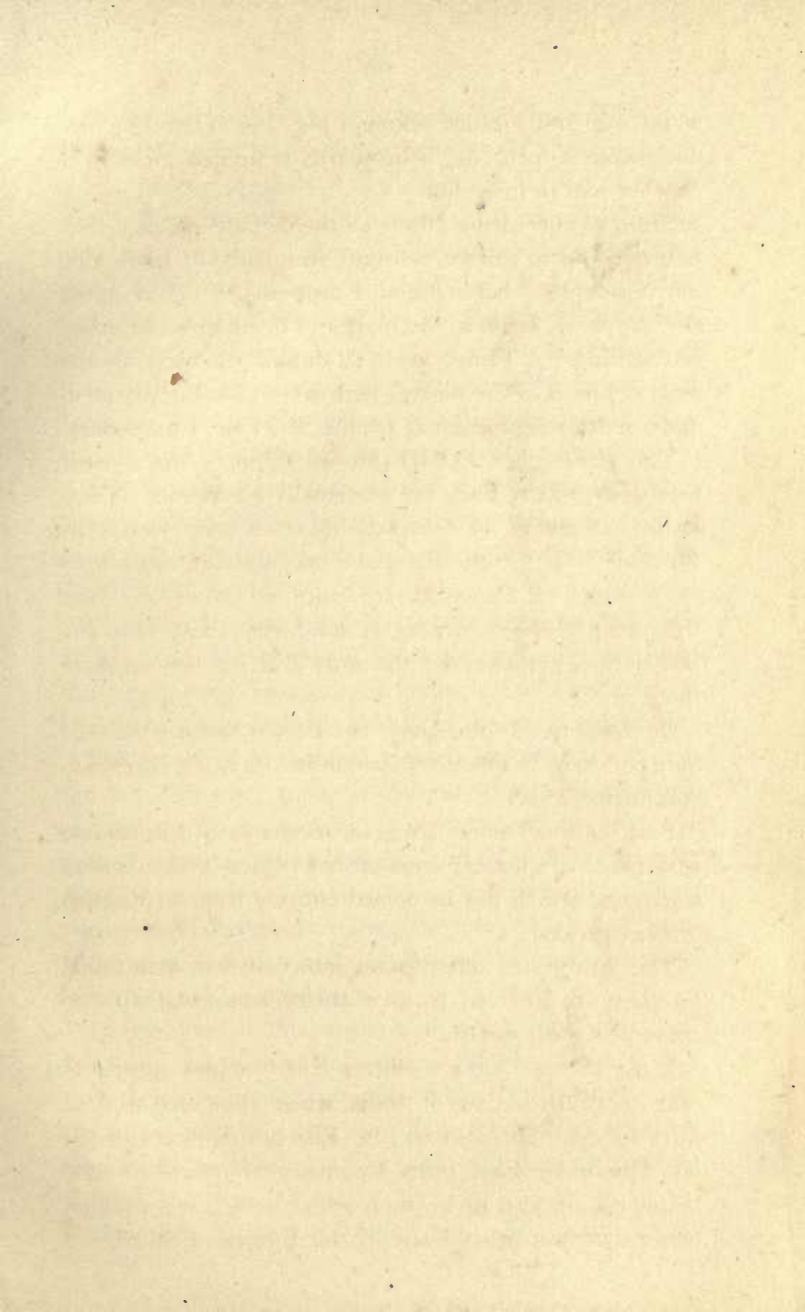
The Parsees, or Persian fire-worshippers, are a most intelligent race. They are principally merchants. They settled at Surat, in Guzerat, but they also swarm in Bombay. They copy European manners and customs; wear clothes of European cut, and are so wealthy that they keep the best carriages and horses, and have the best houses, gardens, and the only good mango trees in the Island.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the Parsee baronet, was the only person in Bombay who had in his service a European coachman.

Some of the Parsees are great mechanics. I knew one who made a splendid musical-box which played many tunes, and which box he copied entirely from an English or Foreign one.

The Europeans often come into collision with them, for they are inclined to give themselves great airs on account of their wealth.

Many of the Queen's officers used to look down not only on all the natives of India, whom they used to style dirty niggers, but also on the European officers of the late Honorable East India Company's Service. I used frequently, in jest, to be reproached with being a nigger officer, but from what I saw of the European soldiery, I



much preferred the fine, handsome, tall, manly, brave, bronzed heroes of the native armies. If the natives of India are only properly treated and set a good example, which, I am sorry to say, they are not always, there is not, in my opinion, a more docile and gentle, or a nobler race. They are cleanly in their habits and persons, temperate, and as brave as lions. Exceptions there are, of course, to every rule. Many of the native princes of India are voluptuaries, and addicted to smoking and drinking, but their enormous wealth, and the way they are educated and brought up is some excuse for them.

The prickly pear (one of the wild plants of India) bears a delicious fruit, but it is covered with a skin full of small thorns or thistles which have to be removed before the fruit can be eaten.

Plantains (or Bananas) is another delicious fruit, like a juicy pear, but the wind soon destroys the beauty of the large, long, broad, light green leaf of this tree. It becomes a fringe of strips broken to pieces by the wind.

The grapes of Arungabad are delicious, and the Indian figs are also very good, as also are the pomegranates, custard apples, cocoa-nuts, &c., of the plains, and the nuts of all sorts, quinces, apples, and dried fruits brought down in caravans from the hills; but most of the fruits want more cultivation to bring them to perfection. Some of the nuts or roots found in the beds of tanks, or water reservoirs, are like chestnuts.

The melons, both musk and water, are cool and delicious, but one of the best of Indian fruits is the "pimmello," a gigantic orange often a foot in length, and containing pulp of a rich red colour full of luscious juice, very sweet to the taste, but also with a very pleasant bitter in it.

The birds, butterflies, moths, and some of the insects

in India are far more magnificent than any seen in England; and the quaint shapes of the mountains and hills are most peculiar. Beautiful as old England is, especially in the country, it lacks the brightness, the splendour, and the sociability of India. In no country in the whole world are people so hospitable, so friendly, so sympathetic, as in India.



The "jowarree," "bargree," and sugar-cane crops grow between twenty and thirty feet high, and yield quantities of grain, which is made into flour by the natives. The stalks are made use of to feed cattle with. The sugar-cane crop is also very luxuriant and remunerative. The native farm labourer, or cultivator, drives the birds off his field by means of a sling made of string, from which he throws a stone; or by means of a pellet-bow, from which he throws, with extreme force, a round pellet made of hard-baked earth or mud, the size of a rifle-ball.

Not only the Hindoos, but all classes, bathe frequently. The Hindoos never kill any animal or insect of any kind. They place animals too old to be of any use in a kind of pound, called a "pingree pool," and the animals are there well fed till they die.

The Mahometans are called to prayers many times daily, and they fast rigidly for forty days every year in the middle of the hottest time of the year. The Parsees, or Persians, are fire-worshippers, and in their temples the fire is never allowed to be extinguished. They say their prayers, I believe, to the sun. At all events, they always kneel and prostrate themselves before that orb while repeating their prayers.

There are several kinds of snakes in Bombay: of these the cobra is the most deadly; but many of the so-called rock snakes are comparatively harmless. A snake will always try and escape from a human being, and it will

never bite him unless driven into a corner from which escape is impossible. The mortality among the poor natives is considerable, owing to their going about their fields without shoes. The snake-charmers go about with large baskets full of snakes from the teeth of which the poison-fangs have been extracted, and the "charmers" produce musical sounds from a reed, which music they inform you, charms the snakes from their hiding-places.

The moon-light in India is so wonderfully bright that one can easily see to read and even draw by that light alone. The crescent moon, if I remember right, is always reversed, and is in this  position; not, as in England, thus . The constellation of the southern cross is distinctly seen. It is a cluster of bright stars forming a long cross. As soon as the sun sets, it gets rapidly dark, and soon after it rises it gets so hot that one is glad to seek shelter and shade in-doors. An officer is obliged to rise between three and four a.m. in order to dress and get ready for parade.

The musk rats in India are a horrible nuisance. They are like moles in shape, and their presence is known not only by their unwholesome smell, but by a peculiar sound they make, something between a squeak and a chirrup. They spoil everything they run over, as ever afterwards it smells of stale, faint musk. The mosquitos, also, are trying, but the mosquito nets or curtains keep the weary and tired sleeper from many bites he or she would otherwise receive.

The water carrier is a great institution—if such he may be called—in India. He fetches water from the wells in a large goat skin.

The barber is a well-known character. I have known many men in India allow themselves to be shaved by the native barber after a long and tiring morning parade,

while they (the Europeans) were fast asleep. The native barber, who was formerly at Surat, was known by the *soubriquet* of "Old Tom!" and he used to say he had had the honour of shaving the great Duke of Wellington.

The "Rammoosee," or native watchman, is another wonderful character. He is one of a gang of robbers! and it is actually necessary to keep him in your service, in order that he may prevent his brother robbers from stealing your goods. He prowls about your compound or garden all night to prevent his brethren from approaching and robbing you.

The complexion of the natives of Northern India is of a very light copper colour, and their physique is so splendid, that in my opinion they are handsomer than Europeans. Their dress, also, is suitable to their figures and complexion, and to the climate of the hot country they dwell in.

The native cooks in the service of Europeans are generally Portuguese. They cook in the most wonderful manner. On the march, without any kitchener, they turn out a most respectable meal; even in the desert, in the open air, when the wind is blowing a dust storm.

A dust storm in India is a fearful thing to witness. Many people, the first time they see one, think the end of the world has come. The wind howls, and the horizon looks blood-red; soon every door and window in the bungalow has to be shut, and in a few minutes the inmates are stifled with sand, which no Indian door or window can keep out.

The native women and girls of India enhance their beauty by means of soorma, a dark powder, which they apply to the eye-lashes to cool them, and to make them look thicker. They also dye their finger and toe nails with herma, a pink juice extracted from the wild myrtle.

Some of the Nautch women in India are wonderfully fair. They dance very gracefully, but slowly. Their singing does not, to our ideas, equal the singing of our own fair country women.

The climate of India varies considerably. It was the writer's lot to live in the plains, and for many years in the province of Sind, the hottest part of India. The natives of that province used to say that there was a piece of tissue paper only between it and the infernal regions.

The natives of Sind are Beloochees, a fine, manly, warlike race, much fairer than the men in the plains of India. The maidens plait their hair, the married women wear it plain and at the back of their heads. The hair is allowed to fall in long thick plaits, interwoven with cowries, or Indian small white shells. They also wear large rings of brass wire in their ears, the said wires being covered with bits of real turquoise which used to be obtained very cheaply in Sind formerly.

The men wear, according to their respective castes, different head-dresses. Some wear hats the reverse of those worn in England, the brim being uppermost. Others wear turbans.

The natives say that if you protect the liver by wearing a large shawl over it, and a huge puggree, or turban of white muslin, or other light material round and over the head, you may defy the sun's power to injure you.

Hawking used to be a favourite pastime with Ali Morad, the Ameer, an independent prince in the province of Sind. He used to hawk all small game such as hares, partridges, quail, &c., and with an English rifle he was the best shot at large game I ever saw. He had the power of life and death over his native subjects. He told me that when he was in England on a visit there, he was much annoyed by the small boys who used to cry

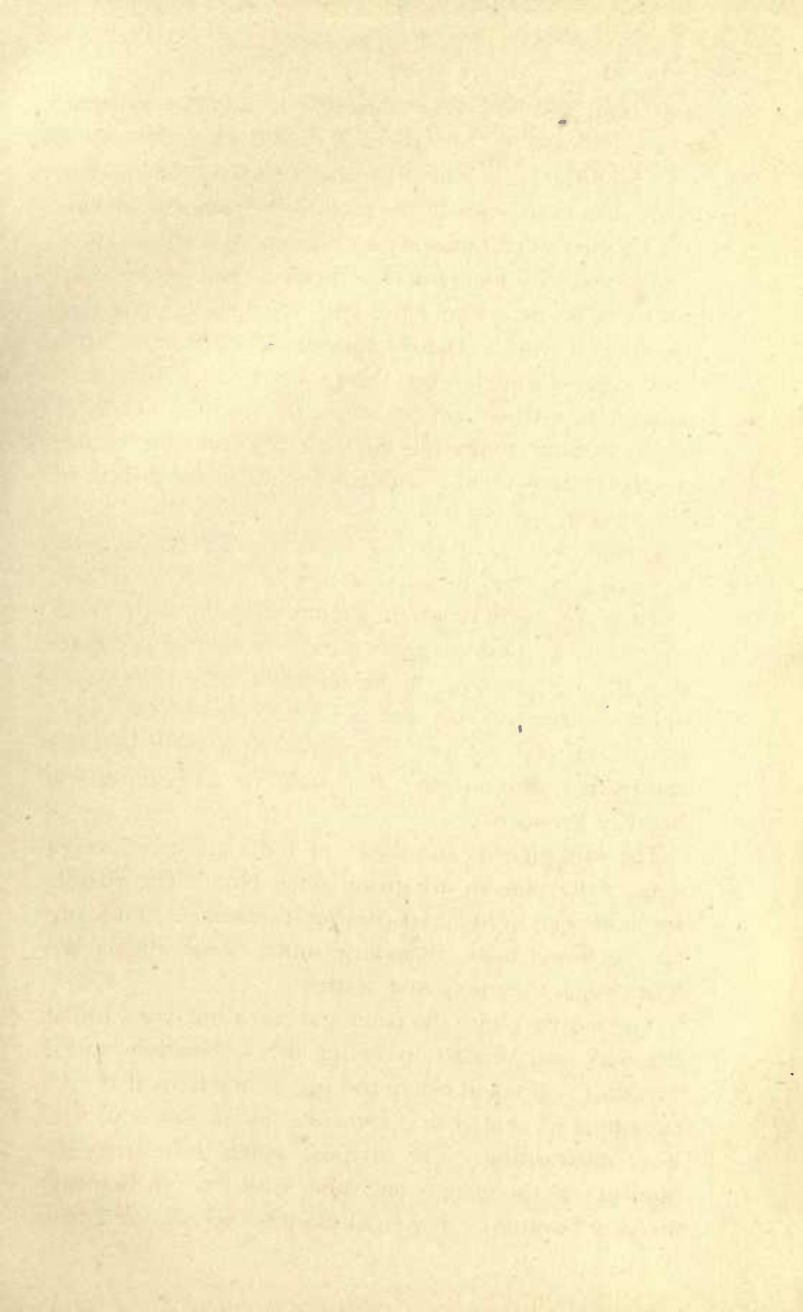
after him, "Who's your hatter?" in allusion to what they considered his very peculiar shaped hat.

In Sind the houses are all made with flat roofs, and it is the custom to sleep on the roofs in the open air. Sometimes a dust-storm suddenly springs up, and the sleepers are covered with fine sand from head to foot before they can retire below. The white ants are terrible pests and nuisances in Sind. These voracious and destructive little insects eat through everything, wood especially; and sometimes, without any warning, the wooden beams of houses in Sind supporting the roofs fall suddenly, letting the roofs follow them as suddenly, much to the dismay of the occupants of the house.

In Sind there is no rain to speak of, and the cultivation is carried on by means of irrigation—that is to say, channels are cut through the ground from the overflowing rivers, and in these channels the rich, muddy water flows over the soil, causing in the middle of the hot weather the most luxuriant vegetation. A Persian wheel is a very simple and efficient method of drawing water from wells and rivers to the surface. It is used in all parts of the Bombay Presidency.

The wild pigeons and doves in India are very lovely; some of the pigeons are green, some blue. The parrots are to be seen in hundreds, or even thousands. They nip off the flower-buds, and cause much havoc among the fruit, which they peck and destroy.

The natives climb the palm and cocoa-nut trees to cut the bark and procure a cooling drink therefrom, called "toddie." If taken before the sun is much up, it is very refreshing; but after it is fermented by the excessive heat it is intoxicating. The orchids, which grow from the branches of the mango and other fruit trees in Bombay, are very beautiful. For eight months there is not a drop



of rain ; yet these plants, though apparently dried up from the excessive heat, revive again in the rainy, or monsoon, season, when it rains for four months incessantly ; and then they are splendid.

PART IV.

THE Mahometan festival of the "M'horrum" in India is very singular. Beautiful miniature temples of the shrine of the martyrs Hoosein and Hassein, called Tarboots, are carried in procession through the bazaars, and frequently fierce encounters ensue between the rival sects of "Sheeahs" and "Soonees." For forty days every year the Mahometans fast rigorously in India, neither eating, drinking, or smoking all day long, only taking one meal every night—about twelve, I believe.

On the occasions of deaths, female mourners are hired who beat their breasts, and wail, and lament, in the most doleful manner. The Hindoos burn their dead on funeral pyres. The corpses are placed on piles of dry wood ; this is first saturated with oil, and then set light to, and the smell of roasting flesh is very offensive to the passers by. The Parsees (or Persian fire-worshippers) place their dead on iron gratings, on the top of very high brick towers, called "towers of silence," and allow the bodies to be pecked to pieces by the kites, vultures, and crows, which congregate in numbers as soon as a dead body is placed on the grating. The bones fall through to the bottom of the tower. The Parsees, although they keep large shops or stores for the sale of everything, including cigars, may not, by their religious laws, give a light to a customer who has purchased cigars from them ; so that

when anyone buys a bundle of "Manilla cheroots" from them, he must leave the Parsee's shop from which he has bought them, and light one outside.

Some of the Hindoos perform curious religious ceremonies by putting iron or steel hooks through the flesh of their backs, and then they suspend themselves by chains from a swing.

Some of the Fakirs or religious devotees, or mendicants, in India, voluntarily put themselves to great torture. For a vow they close their fingers, and hold them so in the palms of their hands until the finger nails grow through the flesh. Others hold up one arm perpetually.

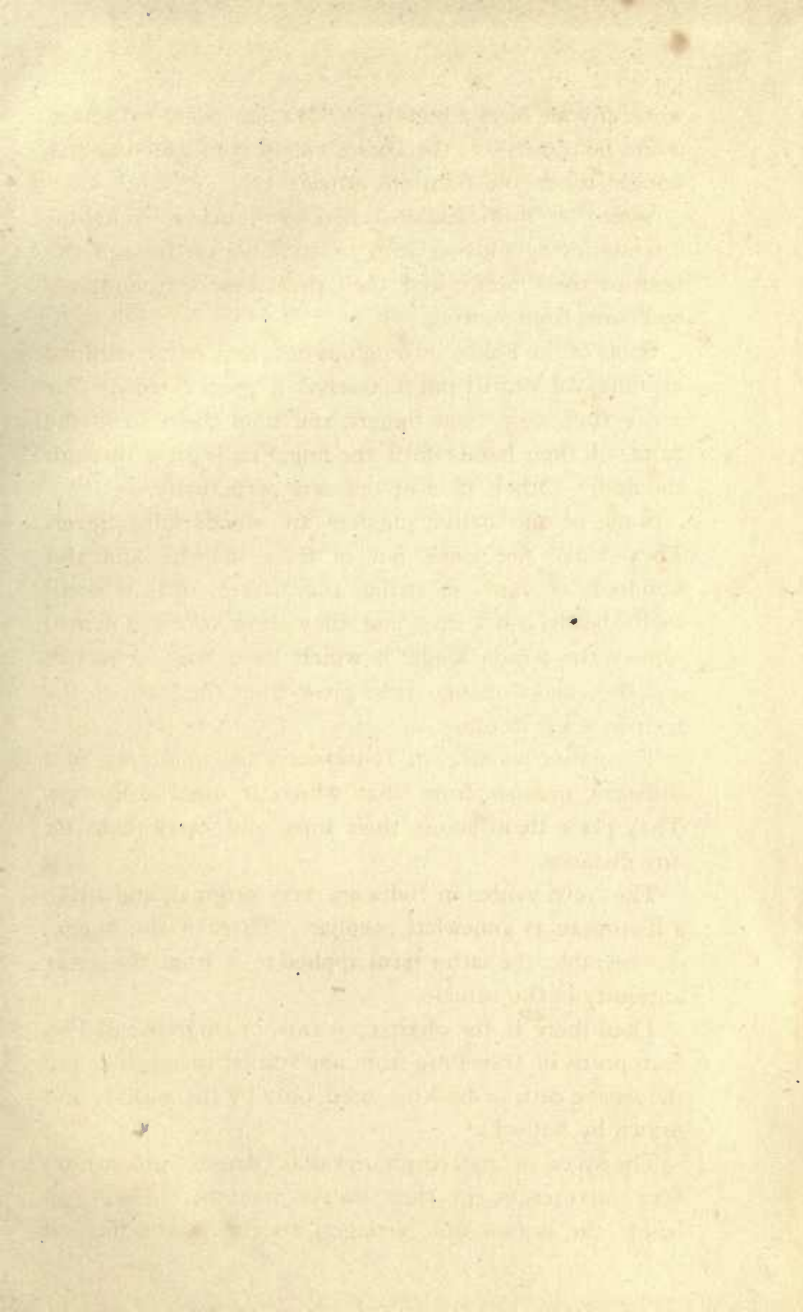
Some of the native jugglers are wonderfully clever. They make fire come out of their mouths, and also hundreds of yards of string, and basket loads of small shells, beads, coins, &c., and they show off their tamed snakes, the poison fangs of which have been extracted, and they make mango trees grow from the stem of the fruit in a few minutes.

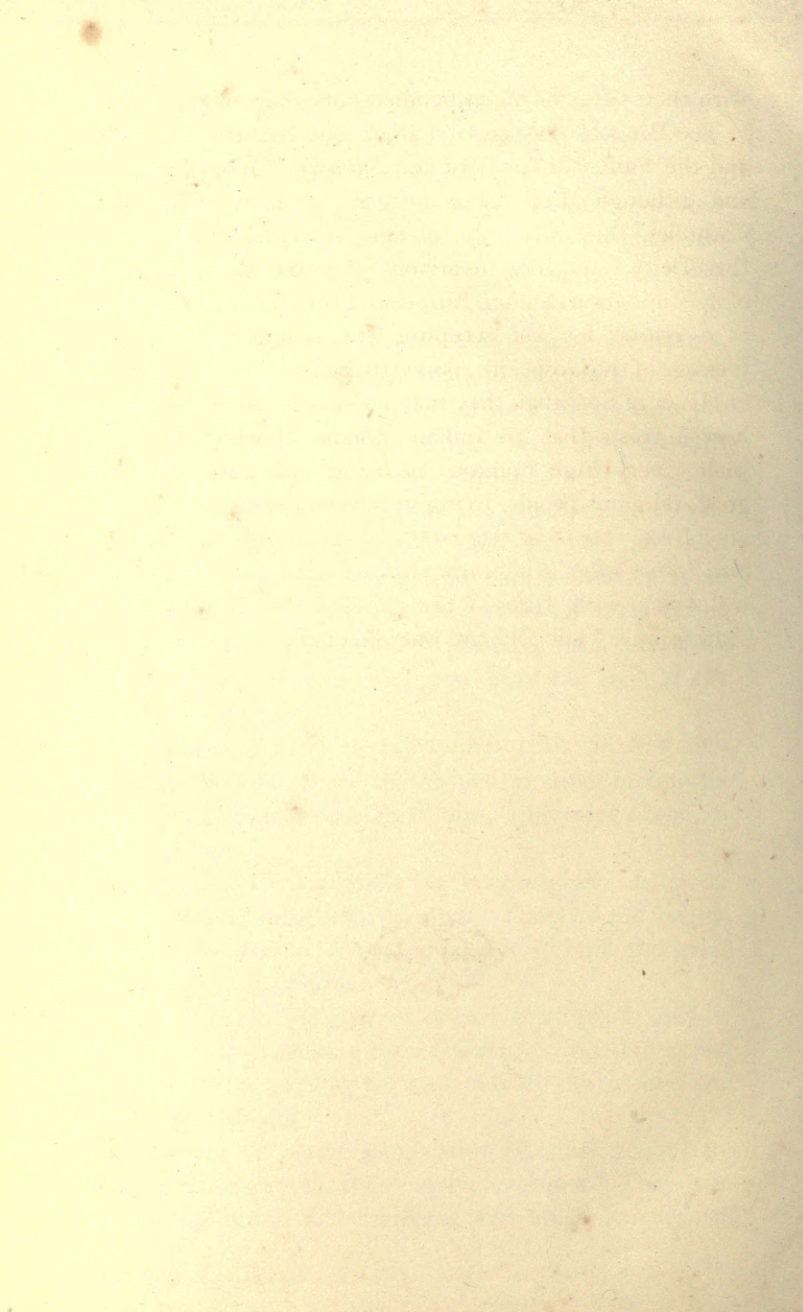
The native women in India carry their children in a different manner from that which is usual in Europe. They place them across their hips, and carry them for any distance.

The conveyances in India are very original, and strike a European as somewhat peculiar. There is the buggy, or venerable, the latter term applied to it from the great antiquity of the vehicle.

Then there is the gharree, or cart, or shigram, used by Europeans in travelling from one station to another, and the native cart, or hackree, used only by the natives and drawn by bullocks.

The syces, or native ghorowallas (Anglice groom) are very picturesque in their native costume. They run beside the horses and carriages, and brush the flies off

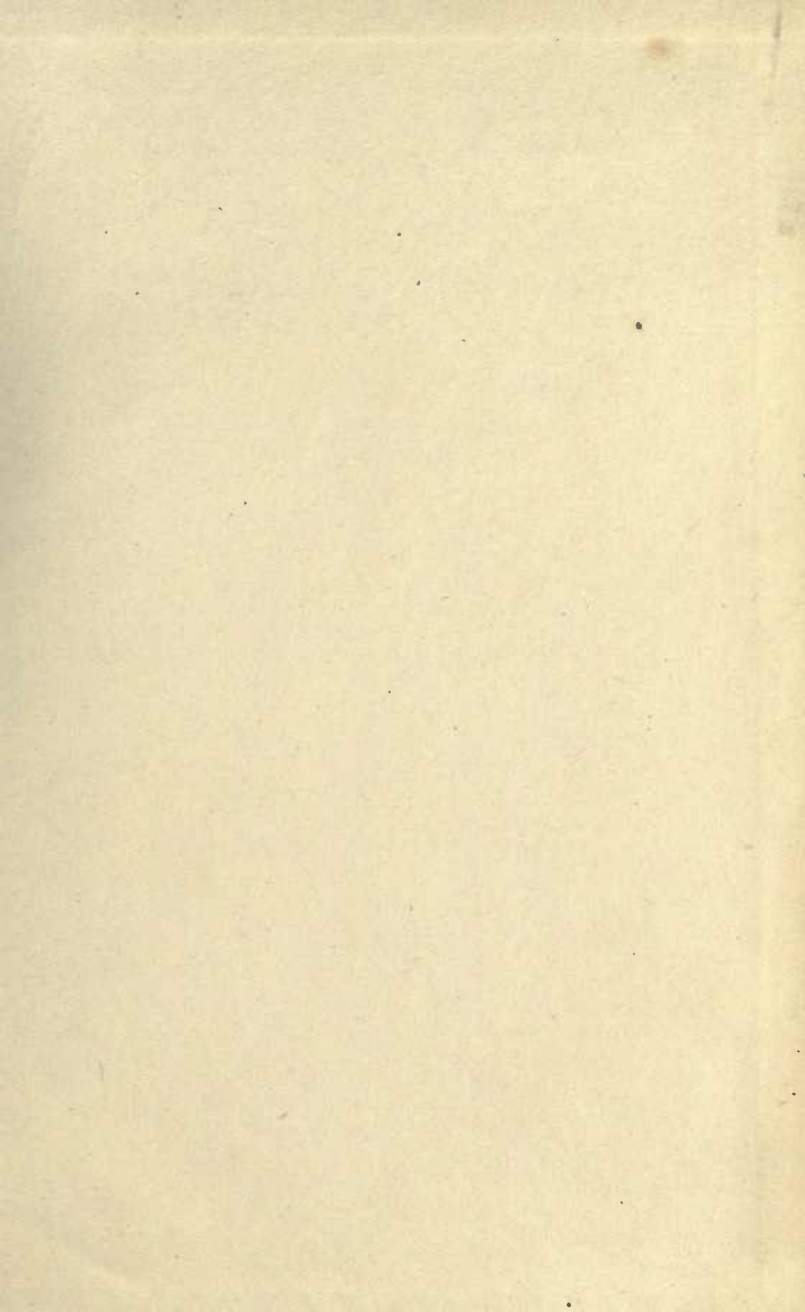




with their silver or metal handled horse-hair plumes.

The Hindoos trust in God alone (our heavenly Father and the Father of our Lord and *Saviour*, "Jesus Christ" and although they make images, as do the Roman Catholics, they only pray to them as representatives of the "Deity;" and they invariably referred to the hundreds of denominations among European Protestants in Europe as a reason for *not* accepting the Almighty's loving message of the Gospel (to *sinners*) to believe in the *Divinity* of His only Son that they may be saved ; but the writer *humbly* trusts that his Indian friends—of whom he has such a very high opinion, as being such pure-minded, good, religious people, living in so many cases such pure, good lives—are those referred to by our "Lord" as *those of that "other fold,"* who know Him not now, but whom He will bring with Him at that blessed time when there shall be only "one fold and one Shepherd."







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